

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth. I loue your Maiesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:

For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the O. bes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace Kent,

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her most, and thought to let my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reueration of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew Execution of the rest,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall Lear,

Whom I haue euer honour'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Maiesty falls to folly, reuerue thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, and were my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Mifcreant.

Alb. Cor. Deste Sir forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy giust,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
He tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straine'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward,
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This shall not be reuok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, such thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That iustly think't, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'll shape his old course, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter *Gloster* with *France*, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dowry with her,
Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,
I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
Ifought within that little seeming substaunce,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fely like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.

Bur. Par.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Lear. Then leaue her Sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the deere, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
Must be of such vnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-youcht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
He do't before I speake, that you make knowe
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I haue nor, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not bene borne, then not t' haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaues the history vnspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Duchesse of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold't neglect
My Loue should kinde to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loofest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

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